

The Democrat.

Is published every Thursday morning, in the room immediately over the Post Office, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates: \$1.50 per annum, in advance. \$2.00, if not paid within the year, and \$2.50 after the year has expired. These rates will be rigidly enforced. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. All communications addressed to the Editor must be sent free of postage to insure attention. No communication inserted, unless so accompanied by a responsible name.

American Artists' Union.

THE American Artists' Union, would respectfully announce to the citizens of the United States and the Canadian, that for the purpose of cultivating a taste for the fine arts throughout the country, and with a view of enabling every family to become possessed of a gallery of Engravings.

By the First Artists of the Age, They have determined, in order to create an extensive sale for their engravings, and thus not only give employment to a large number of artists and others, but inspire among our countrymen a taste for works of art, to present to the purchasers of their engravings, when 250,000 of which are sold.

250,000 GIFTS, of the Actual Cost of \$150,000.

Each purchaser of a One Dollar Engraving, therefore, receives not only an Engraving richly worth the money, but also a ticket which entitles him to one of the Gifts when they are distributed.

For Five Dollars a highly finished Engraving, beautifully painted in Oil, and five Gift Tickets, will be sent; or Five Dollars worth of splendid Engravings can be selected from the Catalogue, and sent by return mail or express.

A copy of the Catalogue, together with a specimen of one of the Engravings, can be seen at the office of this paper.

For each Dollar sent an Engraving actually worth that sum, and a Gift Ticket, will immediately be forwarded.

AGENTS.

The Committee believing, that the success of this Great National Undertaking will be materially promoted by the energy and enterprise of intelligent and persevering Agents, have resolved to treat with such on the most liberal terms.

Any person wishing to become an Agent, by sending (post paid), will receive by return of mail, a One Dollar Engraving, a "Gift Ticket," a Prospectus, a Catalogue and all other necessary information.

On the final completion of the sale, the Gifts will be placed in the hands of a Committee of the purchasers to be distributed, due to the fact of which will be given throughout the United States and the Canadian.

LIST OF GIFTS.

100 Marble busts of Washington	\$100	\$10,000
100 " " Clay	100	10,000
100 " " Webster	100	10,000
100 " " Calhoun	100	10,000
50 elegant Oil Paintings, in splendid gilt frames, size 24x36, each	100	5,000
100 elegant Oil Paintings, 24x36, each	50	5,000
500 steel plate Engravings, brilliantly colored in oil, rich gilt frames, 24x36, each	10	5,000
10,000 elegant steel plate Engravings, colored in oil, of the Washington Monument, 20x25, in each	4	40,000
250 steel plate engravings, from 100 different plates now in possession of and owned by the Artists' Union, of the market value of from 50 cts to \$1 each		41,000
1 first-class Dwelling, in 31st st., N. Y. city		\$12,000
20 Building lots in 100 and 101 sts., N. Y. city, each 35x100 ft., deep 1,000		28,000
100 Villa Sites, containing each 10,000 sq. ft. in the suburbs of N. Y. city, and commanding a magnificent view of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, each		500,000
20 perpetual loans of cash, without interest or security of \$250 each		5,000
100 do. do. do. 100		5,000
100 do. do. do. 50		5,000
250 do. do. do. 20		5,000
2,000 do. do. do. 5		10,000

Reference in regard to the Real Estate, F. J. Viscum & Co., Real Estate Brokers, New York. Orders, (post paid), with money enclosed, to be addressed, J. W. HOLBROOK, Sec., 466 Broadway, N. Y.

The Engravings in the Catalogue are now ready for delivery. Nov. 2, 1854.

O. A. LDRICH,

DEALER IN CHINA, GLASS-WARE, ETC., 181 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

French China—Gold Band, China and Tea Ware; White Band, Dining and Tea Ware.

White Ironstone Ware—Dining, Tea and Toilet Ware; Painted Ware; Common White and Edge Ware; Giltware; Solar Lamps; Plated Spoons, Forks and Butter Knives; Plated and Britannia Castors; German Silver Table and Tea Spoons; Giltware and Plain Lanterns; Glassware, every variety; Water and Tea Trays; Foreign and Domestic Cutlery; Britannia Ware. Sept. 28.

(Lithuanian "Citizen's" copy.)

Saddlery—A complete stock of everything in this line, for sale cheap at No. 18 Barron street.

Re Kendall of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden in Germany:

At this junction we were joined by an English party, when the subject matter brought under discussion was bathing.

"I take a cold sponge bath every morning when at home, and John Bull.

"So do I," retorted the Yankee.

"Winter and summer," continued the Englishman.

"My system exactly," responded the Yankee.

"Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull.

"Right chilly," continued Brother Jonathan.

"How cold?" inquired John.

"So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" responded the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye.

"Were you in the next room to me in America," he continued, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back."

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a shrill, and marvelled.

"Some in a School-room.

A new pupil entered, of whom the pedagogue inquired—

"Can you read and spell?"

"Yes," said the urchin, "I can read in the primer, and spell 'water and gravel.'"

Here the teacher read and spell in the most rapid manner.

In Adam's fall, we missed all—John Rogers burst his steak for nine small children, and came at the breast—A—A—later and grave—A—A—later and grave.

"You may take your seat, and if I hear any noise from you, I shall call you up and give you a flogging."

"Umph," said our hero, shrugging his shoulders as he went to his seat, "I wouldn't care though if you'd give me two."

EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. C. GOULD.

"Fearless and Free."

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. DEC. 21, 1854.

Vol. 11, No. 27.

Poetical.



THE BROKEN HEART.

"Thou ancient Sexton planting here
The fragrant flowers of May,
Tell me who lies beneath the sod
Thou mak'st so green and gay?"

"And what calls forth the kindly tear
Upon thy furrowed face
Whilst musing in this lone churchyard—
This sad, yet pleasant place?"

"Stranger, beneath these lie the bones
Of one who died in youth and fair;
Oh! harsh and cruel was her lot—
'Twas love, air, laid her there."

"Ask in the village her sad tale—
He paused to plant heart's ease,
Then thoughtful gazed upon the boughs
Whose music filled the breeze."

And on the clouds that decked the sky
With gorgeous pomp and sheen,
"Aye the heart's ease will suit her now,"
He said with pensive mien.

"It was an old man's fancy, sir,
To think that she must love
To see those flowers among the grass
Growing her grave above."

"She loved them once—the gentle soul!"
He brushed a tear aside,
"And love of things so pure and sweet,
This soul can never hide."

"But if I idly dream or no,
One thing I know is clear,
That pitying tears will long be shed
For her who lies here."

Mysterious Disappearance of Miss Moore.

The community at Rochester, N. Y., are still excited upon this subject. The Mayor of the city seems to incline to the opinion that she is away by her own act, as he has not offered any reward for obtaining any clue to the matter, although he has been authorized to do so by the common council. For so doing, he and the Police Justice, who has also been indifferent, are freely censured by the public. Latterly, some new clue to the matter is said to have been obtained. Heretofore no intelligence of her could be obtained after she left her boarding house, the residence of a Mr. Whitney, on the evening of the 14th of November, but now it has been discovered by investigations at the Mayor's office, that she was at the store of Wilden & Grotton, and purchased a pair of gloves, after she left Whitney's. She was then in company with another woman. The clerk remembers it from the fact that she offered an uncurrent Michigan bill in payment which, upon his refusal, she said she got it of Mr. Henderson, in whose store she was employed as a saleswoman. The inquiry now is, who was her female companion? If she was an honest woman and resident of the city, she would have come forward and acknowledged herself before this. It is not to be supposed that they both have been murdered or abducted, but it is more reasonable to infer they have gone off together. These facts are given out by the Mayor, who has been singularly inefficient, but are doubted by many of the citizens. A correspondent of the Rochester Union makes the following comments upon the occurrence, predicated on the supposition that she was not seen after she left Whitney's.

"Emma Moore went from her boarding house down to the centre of the city on the afternoon of the day on which she disappeared, and made some trifling purchases. On her return she took a customer's vest from Mr. Henderson's shop, and promised to complete and return the same by the following evening. After returning home and taking tea, she worked upon that vest between one and two hours, or till half past seven o'clock. She then suddenly left her work and her visitors, and has not since been seen, so far as the public understand. Now was it not strange that she should leave at that late hour, alone, without giving some good excuse for so doing? If she went down to the city to trade, as alleged, why did she go? She had been once that evening, and must go again the next day to return the vest. It does not appear that she required anything to take her so far so late an hour of the night. It does not appear that she went down into the city at that time at all, as the investigation has shown. It is not pretended that she was seized before 8 o'clock, near Mr. Whitney's, and dragged away; in fact, that is improbable, when so many stores were open along North Street, and so many people moving. Or if she was, it is hardly to be supposed that the ruffians would detain her till after ten, and then release her near home, when the screams were heard. Then where was she during the three hours intervening between the time she left Whitney's and the time the cries were heard? No one comes forward to say she was visiting at his or her house; hence she was as much lost to the moment she crossed Whitney's threshold to go out, as she had been at any subsequent period—that is, so far as inquiry goes. As Mr. Vick remarked in the meeting the other night, 'Tell us where Emma Moore was, for three hours immediately after leaving Whitney's house, and we will tell you who murdered her, if she has been murdered.'"

"To what other conclusion can we arrive than this? That Emma Moore left her residence with the intention of absconding herself, or else was at once or soon after forcibly restrained or went away with strangers or acquaintances. 'Finally if Emma Moore uttered the screams heard in North Street, she had been three hours with strangers or acquaintances before the first cry was heard. Few will believe she was with strangers; hence, if foully dealt with she was first allured away by some person who possessed her confidence. Who was it?"

An old farmer out west was in the habit every night of counting his live stock, to see if any had gone astray. He called to his son—
"John, have you counted the hog?"
"Yes, sir."
"And the turkeys and sheep?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well then, John, go and wake up the old hen, count her, and then go to bed."

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.]

Doesticks Invents a Patent Medicine.

New York, Nov. 6, 1854.

Seventy Hundred and One Narrow street.

Congratulate me—my fortune is made—I am immortalized, and I've done it myself. I have gone into the patent medicine business. My name will be handed down to posterity as that of a universal benefactor. The hand which hereafter writes upon the record of fame the names of Ayr, Sande, Townsend, Moffat, Morrison and Brandt, must also inscribe, side by side with these appellations, the no less distinguished cognomen of the undying Doesticks. Emulous of deathly notoriety which has been acquired by the medical worthies just mentioned, I also resolved to achieve a name and fortune in the same reputable and honest manner. Bought a gallon of tar, a cake of beeswax, and a firkin of lard, and in twenty-one hours I presented to the world the first batch of "Doesticks' Patent Self-Acting Four Horse Power Balsam," designed to cure all diseases of the mind, body or estate, to give strength to the weak, money to the poor, bread and butter to the hungry, boots to the bare-foot, decency to blackguards, and common sense to the know-nothings. It acts physically, morally, mentally, psychologically, physiologically and geologically, and it is intended to make our sub-lunary sphere a blissful paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be but a side show.

I have not yet brought it to absolute perfection, but even now it acts with immense force, as you will perceive by the accompanying testimonials, and records of my own individual experience. You will observe that I have not resorted to a usual manner of preparing certificates—which is to be certain that all those intended for Eastern circulation, shall come from some formerly unheard of place in the West, while those sent to the East, shall be dated at some place forty miles East of Sun-rise. But I send to you, as representing the Western country, a certificate from an Oregon farmer:

"Dear Sir:—The land comprising my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get his living off it; and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them sideways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre lot, surrounded by a rail fence and in the morning I found the rocks had entirely disappeared—a neat stone wall encircled the fields, and the rails were split into even wood as perfect as symmetry in my back yard. But about half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins and had a row of peach trees in full bloom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would state that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest daughter—drew my youngest boy out of the mill pond—drew a blister all over his stomach—drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety seven dollars in the State lottery. And the effect upon the inhabitants hereabout has been so wonderful that they have opened their eyes to the good of the country, and they are determined to vote for a Governor who is opposed to frosts in the middle of June, and who will make a positive law against freshets, hail storms, and the seventeen year locusts."

"There isn't that same?" But I give more from a member of the senior class in a Western College, who, although misguided, neglected and ignorant, is undoubtedly as honest and sincere as his Prussianized system will admit. I have corrected the orthography and revised some of the grammatical inaccuracies; but, besides attending to these trifles, inserting marks of punctuation, and putting the capitals in the right places. I assure you I have made no alteration.

"SALL HARBOR, June 21, 1854.

My Dear Doctor:—(You know that I attended medical lectures half a winter, and once assisted to get a cooked needle out of a baby's leg; so I understand perfectly well the theory, and practice of medicine, and the Doctor is perfectly intimate under the Prussian system.) My innocent study requires in this establishment, I had become worn down so thin that I was obliged to put on an overcoat to cast a shadow—but accidentally hearing of your balsam, I obtained a quantity, and, in obedience to the Homoeopathic principles of this institution, took an infinitesimal dose only; in four days I measured one hundred and eighty-two inches round the waist—could chop eleven cords of hickory wood in two hours and a half; on a bet carried a yoke of oxen four miles and a quarter in my left hand, my right being behind me, and my legs were scattered over the village, and my mangled remains pretty equally distributed throughout the entire country. Under these circumstances my life was in danger, and my classmates had bought a pine coffin, and borrowed white shirts to attend the funeral in; when the inevitable occurred, I lay in my vest pocket; suddenly brought together the scattered pieces of my body—collected my limbs from the rural districts—put new life into my shattered frame, and I was restored uninjured to my friends, with a new set of double teeth. I have preserved the label which enveloped the bottle, and had it sewed to the seat of my pants, and I am even now designated the "Great Western Achilles." Sir, He."

I feel after this, Editor, I need give you no more reports of third persons, but will nevertheless detail some of my own personal experience of the article. I caused some to be applied to the Washburn Bank, after its failure, and while the balsam lasted, the Bank redeemed its notes with specie. The cork of one of the bottles dropped upon the head of a childless widow, and in six weeks she had a blooming husband. Administered some to a hack driver in a glass of gin and sugar, and that day he swindled but seven persons, and only gave two of them bad money in change. Gave a few drops gratis to a poor woman who was earning a precarious subsistence by making calico shirtings with a one-eyed needle, and the next day she was discovered to be heir to a large fortune. The Know-Nothing candidate for Mayor of the city has sent for a bottle and it has entirely cured him of a violent verol diarrhoea. Gave some to an up-town actor, and that night he said "damned" only twenty-one times. One of the Daily papers got the next dose, and the next edition but one there were four editorial falsehoods, seven indecent advertisements, and two columns and a half of home made "Foreign Correspondence." Caused fifteen drops to be given to the low comedian of a Broadway theatre, and that night he was positively dressed more like a man than a monkey—actually spoke some lines of the author—made only three in-

sane attempts at puerile witticisms—only twice went out of his way to introduce some grossly indecent line into his part, and for wonder, lost so much of his self-conceit that for full half an hour he did not believe himself the greatest comedian in the world. Gave some to a news boy and he manufactured but three fires, a couple of murders, and one horrible railroad accident, in the next thirty minutes. Put some on the outside of the Crystal Palace and the same day the stock went from 22 to 44. Our whole Empire City is entirely changed by the miraculous power of "Doesticks' Patent Self-Acting Four Horse Power Balsam." The gas is lighted on dark nights, instead of moon-light evenings—there are no more highway robberies in the streets, if there are, the offenders, when arrested, are instantly discharged by the police magistrate. No more building materials on the sidewalks; no more midnight murders; no more Sunday rages; no more dirty streets; no more duds in Hoboken, and no more lies in the newspapers. Broadway is swept and garnished; the M. P.'s are civil; and the boys don't steal any more dogs. In fact, so well content are we with our city, that we feel, as the Hibernian poet so beautifully says—

O, if there be an Elysian on earth—
It is this—it is this.

Orders for my Balsam, accompanied by the money, will be immediately attended to; otherwise, not, for my partner and I have resolved to sell for cash only, feeling as did Dr. Young, who appropriately and feelingly remarks—

"We take no notes on time,"
Triumphantly Yours,

DR. Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B., M. D.

P. S.—Ball Dogge says I piled it up too strong, and that no one will believe what he calls "that humbug about the newspapers, and the preposterous nonsense concerning the Broadway Actor." I am aware that in these instances my medicines have performed a modern miracle, but the fact remains, "no less true, than strange."

Dr. Q. K. P. D., P. B., M. D.

Fopping the Question.

Jedediah Hodge was dead in love with the beautiful Sally Hammond, but owing to an unquenchable feeling of diffidence, he had never been able to screw up his courage to the sticking point requisite to enable him to inform her of his predilection. Three several times he had dressed up in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting-fins," and made his way to her father's house, determined this time to do or die. But, unluckily, his courage oozed away as he came small in degrees and beautifully less, as the politicians say, till, when he was fairly in her presence, he was barely able to remark that it was a warm evening. Sally got tired at length of this reiterated observation, and resolved to help him out of his predicament, for, like a true woman, she had not failed to perceive what Jedediah was trying to come at, but couldn't. For the fourth time Jedediah came, but did not succeed any better. Sally commenced her attack by informing him that Mary Somers, an intimate friend, was going to be married.

"You don't say so," said Jedediah, that being the only idea that occurred to him, except one, and that he didn't dare to give utterance to.

"Yes," said Sally, "she's going to be married next week. It seems rather queer that she should be married before me, considering she's a year younger."

Jedediah's heart leaped up in his throat, but he didn't venture to say any thing.

There was a pause.

"Jedediah," resumed Sally, after a little hesitation, "I'll tell you something, if you'll promise certain true that you won't tell anybody."

"No, I won't," said Jedediah, stoutly proud in the confidence reposed in him.

"It isn't much after all," said Sally, casting down her eyes, "only a dream, and I don't know whether I ought to tell you after all, though to be sure there was something about you in it."

"Tell me," pleaded Jedediah, his curiosity overcoming his bashfulness in a degree.

"But I am afraid you'll tell after all."

"No, I won't, certain true. I hope I may be horse-whipped if I do."

"Then don't look at me Jedediah, or I can't tell it—I dreamed that—that you and I—I never shall be able to tell you that you and I were going to be married the day before Mary Somers."

Jedediah started, as if struck by a galvanic battery, and shook enthusiastically. "So we will, go on, if you'll only say the word."

Of course Sally was astonished at this sudden application of her dream, and could not believe he was in earnest. At length she yielded her consent and her dream was verified at the altar in less than a week.

Ladies that have beautiful lovers, take heed!

"My lad," said a traveler to a little fellow, whom he met, clothed in rags and small jacket, but without a very necessary article of apparel, "my lad, where is your shirt?"

"Mammy's washing it."

"Have you no other?"

"No other!" exclaimed the urchin in surprise, "would you want a boy to have a thousand shirts?"

A few days since, a son of the Emerald Isle made his appearance at a lively stable, and called for a horse and buggy, wherewith to attend a funeral. The command was obeyed, and the horse and buggy stood ready. Whereupon Pat inquired as to the amount necessary for the hire.

"Three dollars," was the reply.

"Three dollars! Och, it's not the baste I want to buy—it's the rinf of him I'm after."

Pat traveled.

Good Excuse.

A doctor had a very intimate friend, whom he was accustomed to meet every day; but at length the latter avoided him, and the doctor could never get near enough to speak a word to him. But one day happening to come suddenly upon his friend, the doctor saluted him with—

"How, comes it, my friend, that I never get to see you of late—that you try to keep out of my way?"

"Why, the fact is," he replied, "I haven't been sick for so long, that I am ashamed to meet a doctor!"

The use of Money.

A vain man's motto—"Win gold and wear it."

A generous man's—"Win gold and share it."

A miser's—"Win gold and spare it."

A prodigal's—"Win gold and spend it."

A broker's—"Win gold and lend it."

A fool's—"Win gold and end it."

A gambler's—"Win gold and lose it."

A sailor's—"Win gold and swine it."

A wise man's—"Win gold and use it."

[By Request.]

There is a Brighter Heaven.

The faithless world promiscuous flows,
Enrapt in fancy's vision;
Allured by sound, beguiled by shows,
And empty dreams, nor scarcely knows
That there is a brighter heaven.

Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth be given;
All-varying time our forms invade,
The seasons roll, light sink in shade—
There's nothing lasts but heaven.

Creation's mighty fabric all
Will be to atoms given;
The sky consumed, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball,
There's nothing firm but heaven.

This world with all its wealth is poor,
And like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
Its gems and crowns are vain and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone, and I'm in gloom,
This earth is lonely as a tomb,
I have no home but heaven.

The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears;
Roll on, ye suns, fly swift, ye years,
I'm on the wing for heaven.

And now I bid the world adieu,
Let life's dull chains be riven;
The charms of Christ have caught my view,
The world of light I will pursue,
To live with him in heaven.

OPPOSED TO MATRIMONY.

"Is your family opposed to matrimony?"

"Wal, no, I rather guess not, seen' as how my mother has had four husbands, an' stans a pretty smart chance for havin' another."

"Four husbands! It is impossible."

"O yes. You see my mother's christened name was Melchitable Sheets, an' dad's name was Jacob Press, and when they got married the printers said it was puttin the sheets to press. When I was born they said it was the first edition. An' you see, mother used to be the tannalst critter to go to evenin' meetin's. She used to go out pretty late every night, an' dad was afeared I'd get in the same habit, so he used to put me to bed at eight candle-light cover me up with a pillow, an' put me to sleep with a book jack. Wal, dad had got every night an' let mother in; if he didn't get down the door pretty darned quick when she came, he'd catch particular thunder; so dad used to sleep with his head out of the window, so's to wake up quick, an' one night he got his head a leetle too far out, an' slipped out altogether; an' down dad cum, cummum right down on the pavement, an' smashed him in ten thousand pieces!"

"What was he killed by the fall?"

"Wal, no, not exactly killed by the fall. I rather, kinder sorter guess it was the sudden feitchin' up on the pavement that killed him. But mam she cum him, an' found him lyin' there, an' she had him swept up together, an' put in a coffin, an' had a hole dug in the buryin' ground, an' had dad put in an' buried up, an' had a white-oak plank put up to his head, an' had it whitewashed all over for a tomb-stone."

"So your mother was left a poor lone widow?"

"Wal, yes, but she didn't mind that much; wasn't long before she married Sam Hide, you see she married Hide because he was just dad's size, and she wanted him to wear out dad's clothes. Wal, the way old Hide used to hide was a caution to my hide. Hide had little the toughest hide of any hide except a bull's hide, and the way Hide used to hide away liquor in his hide, was a caution even to a bull's hide. Wal, one cold day old Hide got his hide so full of whisky that he pitched head first into a snow bank, an' there he stuck and froze to death. So mam had him p. led out, an' had him laid out, an' then she had at other hole dug in the buryin' ground, an' had him buried, an' then she had another white-oak plank put up at his head an' white-washed all over, an'—"

"So your mother was again a widow?"

"O yes, but I guess she didn't lay awake long to think about it, for in about three weeks she married Sam Strong, and he was the strongest headed cuss you ever did see."

"He went a fishin' the other day and he fished up a cat, and he was so tatal strong-headed, I'll be darned to daration if he didn't float right again the current, an' they found him above three miles above the stream, an' it took three yoke of cattle to haul him out. Wal, mam had him buried along side o' 'tother two, and had a white-oak plank put up at his head, an' white-washed all over nice, so there's three on 'em all in a row."

"And your mother was a widow for a third time?"

"Yes, but mam didn't seem to mind it a tatal, wasn't long before she married Sam Hays, and the way mam did make him was a caution, now I tell ye. If he does anything a little out of the way, mam makes him take a bucket an' a white wash brush, an' go right up to the buryin' ground an' white-wash the three oak planks, just to let him know what he may come to when he's planted in the same row, and she's got married to the fifth husband. So you see my family ain't a tatal sight opposed to a dose of matrimony."

The Belle and the Student.

At a certain splendid evening party, a haughty young beauty turned to student who stood near her, and said:

"Cousin John, I understand your eccentric friend L— is here; I have a great curiosity to see him. Do bring him here, and introduce him to me."

The student went in search of his friend, and at length found him lounging on a sofa